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The lost memer



👁 85 ✓ 12 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Benjamin Waddington

There was once a great memer on the boards of 4chan. This fantastic memer was the slayer of normies and the creator of the edgiest and dankest memes.

He was a god.

It was going fantastic, and he was in the process of creating the dankest meme of all time, when suddenly...

Chapter 2 by Vulpe David



He teleported into the secret base of Illuminati, and to his horror they were not mere cheeky scrubs but looked mlg as hell and smoked the hell out of the grass that was all over the place and even in the mountain dew puddles. Then he found out that their leader was meme lord himself DJ Khaled, who by the way was also a lizard person and a what are those / damn Daniel enthusiast

Chapter 3 by Benjamin Waddington



DJ Khaled must have seen his plea for help he put on 4chan. He posted it because he needed dark backup for the great normie slaying. There was a huge meme war happening and the normies were all taking sides. And they already had soldiers at meme mountain. And that when

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He didn't really like DJ Khaled that much, He thought damn Daniel and What are those was total cancer, But our hero needed help. And this was the most MLG option he could find...

He entered DJ Khaled's palace to find his meme-ing savoir. When he entered DJ Khaled was sitting on his throne. Watching prank compilation and minecraft let's plays on his giant 4k TV. DJ Khaled said in his deep booming voice, "another one" Which was Khaled language for "SPEAK"

"I need help, A great war has begun in meme land with the normies and I- I need help. I request as many of your MLG quik-scopers as possible. Please. I need help." - Said the great memer (let's name the memer dankson for now)

"Well," said DJ Khaled... "What have you done for me??" "Nothing" Dankson said. "Well then Nothing is the amount of MLG quikscopers I will give you" Dankson thought to himself... What can he give to DJ kahlead so he can get help?!

Chapter 4 by Vulpe David



Then it hit Dankson, he would give DJ Khaled the most overused meme ever, his deez nuts, with that Khaled was pleased and said to him : " Go buy your mama a house of MLG quickscopers and as a bonus also the cavalry of Anonymous". With such help and much wow Dankson easily 420 no scoped all the normies out of 4 chan and sent them crying to their mamas who were recording let's plays. Much glory he got from the entire community as he purged it of all young cancerous content. All left to do now was to go down in history as the king of positive vibes but...

Chapter 5 by Try Me Playa



Suddenly, he was reported by Club Penguin moderators for saying "dank kush" and was banned forever. Banished from the 047454623th realm (Franku's baby mama's house), and left with no spare chromosomes, he was thrust into the world of the normies. He found the nearest laptop and attempted to make contact with the memelords, however, every time, he received a 404

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He was not aware normies were able to lay hands upon such rations, But he was positive that this was his only way to get home. However, already being touched by a normie, there was also the possibility of it turning him into a normie. He was now faced with a big dilemma, however, if he didn't try something soon, then paw paw's 12 hamburgers would be wasted, as he knew none of his 5 cousins were coming.

"Pepe, what do I do?" He asked the sky, which reminded him of Sporticus's swag parkour tricks and wondered whether he wore nikes or yeezys.

Chapter 6 by Geoffrey McMemeSon



After 420 Google Chrome-osomes of waiting for a response from Pepe, his God finally parted the clouds (of smoke from the Kü\$h) and revealed to him a mighty message:

"Aye mang so sorry I couldn't cum earlier I'm a really busy meme mang. All these normies keep bothering me and won't let me #blazeit with my dawg Snoop Lion ya know what I'm saying?"

Dankson nodded his head vigorously, he'd listen to any story after his long wait for his master.

"Anyways mang," Lord Pepe continued, "I'm here to tell you what to do. I know your paw paw worked really hard on those hamburgers, and you'll be glad to know that 100 chromosomes in this realm is a mere 4 in your home realm, so you still got time. But watch out, the normies have gotten sum \$\$\$ from the Club Penguin admins to try and defeat you, and after this long in limbo, they'll likely have acquired ghetto memes of the highest caliber that you've never even seen before! They'll be on the way soon, so watch yo memes, son!"

Dankson, ever grateful for this KnAWLedGe, gave thanks to Pepe, but he still had one question remaining.

"What about you?" Dankson asked. "Will you help fight the normie army with me?"

"Sorry mang, I've got places to go, people to see. But I do know someone that can help you.

There's a settlement just south of here, that may aid you in your fight against the normie army once more. But first, this settlement is in a state of civil war. And ally, this city is currently plagued by Civil War, h3h3 is a government official. The government itself is s

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turned into all-out war. While slowly dying of 12-year-old CoD cancer, this town could be of great help getting you some supplies, although it is very low ranked on the dank meter."

"Lord Pepe, what is the name of this settlement?" Dankson questioned.

"It is known by Youtube. Here, I'll mark it on your map. Now go, my chillun, it is time to defeat the Normie Army once again, so you can finally have some of paw paw's burgers...."

Pepe disappeared through a hashtag tunnel to another realm, and Dankson was left with a great challenge ahead of him.

Chapter 7 by Max Klein



Dankson spent many moons travelling to Youtube, and upon the 7th sun he spotted Youtube. How did he know it was Youtube? Because someone had carefully cultivated marijuana plants in the shape of the word "YOUTUBE". As he approached he could smell the stench of growing tumors and cheeto dust coming from behind the massive walls made from the corpses of vlog and prank channels held together with a mix of fecal matter and vomit and a moat composed of urine and Mountain Dew. He walked up to the bank of the moat and called out to the guard and asked to be let in.

"Supreme Leader xXxL34fYxXx and has ordered me to not let anyone in," the guard said through his helmet.

"Are you sure?" Dankson inquired.

"Yunks."

"What if I offered you some memes?"

The guard's eyes widened. He immediately dropped the gate across the piss and dew moat. When Dankson crossed, the guard was waiting in the gateway for his payment. However, the guard had his mask off. Dankson gasped. He realized who was in his presence. It was General

Donald J. Trump, Slayer of Normies. Dankson had so many questions. How did he get here? Why was he here? Did Pepe plan this? Was he really or h3h3? Dankson opened his mouth to ask Trump th

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"I can explain later," Trump said. "We're not safe here. They don't know I'm here. Not at all. No way. But that can change. And we're going to change it if we keep talking here. Follow me to my house. It's a great house. One of the nicest in the town."

Trump's house was indeed dank, as it had at least 50 marijuana plants growing everything from Acapulco Gold to Charlotte's Web. He had great surround sound speaker systems all throughout the house that constantly played "The Next Episode" by Dr. Dre feat. Snoop Dogg and "Where The Hood At" by DMX.

Since Dankson was in the prescence of all this dank shit, he was put in the mood for a party, and luckily it was Friday night, Trump's designated party night, so Trump invited a bunch of hot chicks and cool lads, including Supreme Leader Leafy. When the chicks and the lads were getting it on, they suddenly heard a bunch of noise. Then they were all knocked across the room by a YUGE explosion. If only they could've seen it. Imagine a huge explosion like when a nuke hits an oil processing plant, but 10x larger. When Dankson finally came to, everyone but him was dead. And when I say dead, I MEAN DEAD. They were deader than the dirt around their caskets. However, there was a note on Leafy's dead corpse. It read,

"lol ur ded fag -h3h3"

Needless to say, Dankson was pissed. Even more pissed then the time some fat kid took his Oreos out of his backpack. Or when he got fired because some fag robbed Argo's right after he finished his shift. How was that his fault? Dicks. Either way, Dankson was pissed. He hated h3h3 for killing Trump. He didn't give two shits about Leafy because he hogged all the chicks at the party and his videos were shitty. But he also hated h3h3 because he did the exact same thing and tried to be a false prophet to the sheeple of Youtube. So he set on a quest to get revenge and free the people of Youtube from their mind spell. But first he would need to get only the dankest and edgiest memes. He knew where to go, but he would need to use all of his mentor Trump's wisdom...

Chapter 8 by Benjamin Waddington



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He started his journey, and headed back into the vast desert of dead memes from 2009. One of the dead memes he saw was a giant Grave stone that said "R.I.P Head phone users XDDDDDDDDDDDDDD"

the end

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